The Royall Subjects Warning-piece to all Traytors

You Traytors all both great and small, I wish you to beware.
In time repent, and be content, for you must all to Hide-Park-*Fair.*
There is Hemp'n toyes for you brave boys, which murdered Charles the first,
The Hangmen he your guide must be, for thither go you must.

To a pleasant new Tune, *Come lash my own sweet Duck.*

OLd England now rejoyce,
thy sorrows all are past;
Triumph with heart and voice,
good news is come at last.
Those that long time did mourn,
come and rejoyce with me
I scorn my Coat to turn,
but faithfull I will be.
Then cease bloody Generall,
weary hath our sorrows sounded,
Pray for him great and small,
King Charles must now be Crowned.

This is good news indeed
for every honest man;
The Law will now proceed
Traitors do what you can,
Your guilt is almost run
your time is almost spent,
You must to Squire Dun
except you now repent.
Down for King Charles right,
both Lords of high renown
with Cromwell they will fight,
for King Charles must wear his Crown.

You that did once bare sway
and kept us all under,
Now in your reckoning day;
good Subjects you do plunder,
Those that did firmly stand
for Charles of high renown
You banished the Land,
and chast them up and down;
Then Traitors all repent,
in City and in town,
Your time is almost spent,
King Charles must wear, &c.

What answer can you make
either to God or man,
What course now can you take
do all the best you can:
For murdering of your King,
the Law will now proceed,
Beware a hempen string,
no better can you speed.
Then traytors all repent
in City and in Town,
Your time is almost spent.
King Charles, &c.

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The ſecond Part, to the ſame tune.

YOur Anabaptiſts head
no comfort can you bring,
Alack he is almoſt dead,
for treaſon againſt the King
Himſelf muſt anſwer make,
for what is done and paſt
He can no way forſake
Squire Dun I fear at laſt.
then traitors all repent
in City and in town,
Your time is almoſt ſpent.
King Charles. &c,

Come Harriſon thou art the man
And John Oakey thy brother,
For treaſon againſt the King,
there ſcarce is two ſuch other;
the one a Butchers ſon,
the other a poor Hay-man,
You muſt to Squire Dun
do all the beſt you can.
You traitors all repent
in City and in town,
Your time is almoſt ſpent,
King Charles, &c.

Alack blind Hewſon now,
where is thy Lake and Awl,
It had been better for thee
to have kept in thy ſtall;
For Judging of the King
a rebellious hearts dead,
Beware of a Hempen ſtring
no better then can ſpead.
And for killing poor prentice boys
for playing at the foot-ball,
Squire Dun has hempen toyes
for ſure will ſerve you all.

Bald Arthur Haſlerigge
Newcaſtle doth thee curſe
For raiſing of their Coals
four ſhillings a Chaudron juſt;
Nay this is the worſt of all,
for Judging of the King
As thou ſate in White-hall,
beware of an Hempen ſtring.
Repent you traitors all
in City and in town,
Juſtice Dun as you call,
King Charles will pull you down.

Your ſtormy curſe the day
that ever you did know
Bold Oliver I ſay,
that traitor, Englands Foe:
He being a Brewers Son
you liquored well your throat,
the Commonty you have undone
Yet now beware a Rope
for climbing up ſo high
You are ſure to have a fall.
the innocent blood doth cry
Down with theſe Rebells all.

When you had murdered the King
you baniſhed his Wife,
And all the Royall Off-ſpring
you fought to take their life;
All that true Subjects were
you did them traitors call.
You muſt to Hide-Park-Fair,
Squire Dun inbites you all.
then traitors all look too't,
the Hemp cannot you have,
the Gallows will claim her due
uſe all the skill you have.

Concluding thus I cry
God ſave our gracious King
From bloody tyranny,
and all the Royall Off-ſpring,
Lord bleſſe the Duke of York,
brave Generall Monck alſo,
He is a Noble Spark
againſt King Charles his foe.
then traitors all repent,
mark me well what here is ſaid,
Your time is almoſt ſpent
Alack you are all betraid.

FINIS. T. R.